



Тайки * ЙК

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В. И. Лениным

Орган Центрального Комитета КПСС

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SOVIET GOVERNMENT LOCKOUT

In the light of the recent labour disputes that have raged Poland, the Kremlin is taking steps to avoid similar cases in our beloved homeland. It is officially felt that if the workers gain control, the principles of Marxism and socialism will be endangered, and perhaps eventually destroyed.

Therefore, effective immediately, all workers are requested not to report to work, because if they attempt to do so, they will find that they have been locked out of their factories and shops.

The lockout will continue until a new contract is signed between the workers of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics and the Soviet Government.

The following is a list of demands imposed on the workers by your government:

- 1) You will all accept a 50% reduction in wages, effective immediately.
- 2) Prices will rise 100%, effective immediately.
- 3) Any worker making demands on the government in the future will be sent to a labour camp in Northern Siberia, where they will be allowed to

make as many demands as they want, so long as no one hears them

- 4) Any suggestions will be treated as requests.
- 5) Any requests will be treated as demands.
- 6) The following work week will be mandatory for all workers regardless of religion: 168 hours a week, with 30 seconds daily allowed for the following: meals, sleep, and elimination of bodily wastes.
- 7) No worker shall have a religion.
- 8) Any worker who dies while working will be severely punished, and twenty years pay will be withheld as a penalty.

The workers of the USSR are "strongly urged" to accept the new contract as soon as possible. Failure to vote on the contract will result in the application of Demand 8. Failure to vote "yes" could have the same result.

Workers of the world, unite! Socialism can win! Let's do it for your motherland.



Le Gresley-gate Affair Uncovered

TRAWNA (GUPI) Through a two month long investigation Toike reporters working undercover inside the criminal empire of Mario's Bakery of Newark, New Jersey, uncovered the most scandalous affair ever to rear its ugly head inside the usually unreproachable U. of T. Engineering Society.

From our investigations, we have learned that on at least three occasions, Mike LeGresley, brother of Eng Soc president Dave LeGresley, met with and subsequently carried out explicit instructions given to him by none other than Mario himself.

In the picture above, LeGresley, top right, is shown with one of our undercover reporters who penetrated the mob under the guise of "just another dumb Flrosh."

When approached for comment, Dave LeGresley stated that he did not know of the connection and that his brother

boycotted the 1984 Los Angeles Olympic Games and still be eligible for medals, promotional gratuities, and consolation prizes such as automobiles, TV sets, blue jeans and bubblegum.

was "a little bit strange anyway".

The only conclusion that we the press can make from this is that the President is trying to cover something up since presidential memos have been uncovered, dated March 2, 1980, specifically pertaining to this affair.

When we inquired into this, LeGresley said, "To the best of my recollection, I did not call (Mike) and inform him of the BFC investigation." Several members of the Eng. Soc. council and some non-members are presently pressing for a public enquiry into the affair.

The Toike interviewed one person involved, who wishes to remain anonymous, but is in reality last year's editor. When asked why he was particularly forceful in his attempts to bave an investigation started, he stated: "His fiance is turning all the nurses against me. This should get him back." At this point, Bob became hysterical and had to be dragged away and force-fed beer by two nurses.

Meanwhile, in his office, Mike LeGresley was discussing his defence strategy with a "friend" who, unbenounced to

SUBWAY TO BE EXTENDED

MOSCOW (Tass) — Government transit officials yesterday announced the extension of the westbound subway lines to Warsaw. This follows the implementation of the zoned fare system for all regular commuters and police officers (in emergencies only). Transfers will not be required for connecting surface routes at Warsaw stations.

S.A.C. HAS BOARD MEETING

On Tuesday, (or was it Wednesday?) a small band of capitalistic first year Engineering students made an attempt at rebelling against a communistic group of Soviet activists. This group, known as the SAC (Soviet Activist Council), have set up shop under a pseudonym of Students' Administrative Council. This organization has been around for years as a helpful aid for students. SAC has risen to the top and has been successful at passing out pro communist propaganda as useful information.

Using devious methods the engineers' organization, the non-existent Brute Force Committee, became aware of our actions and twisted our intentions into a plot to undermine UoFT authority. Under the leadership of their chief they formulated their plan. Their capitalistic plot of destruction involved condemning our headquarters.

Late Tuesday night a small band of non-existent capitalistic pigs reported, met, and constructed the non-existent materials used in their fatal attempt to destroy communism in the western hemisphere. Non-existent boards were cut to fit the frames of our beloved windows and doors (orifices). Once cut they were transported to the site, while the capitalistic swines congregated in the shadows. Within moments the boards were erected and nailed into place along with signs condemning our regime. Soon after, the Moscow intelligence council of enforcement (the mice) arrived on the scene. With the aid of Leningrad's finest (there to serve and protect), they were able to suppress the rebellion and restore communist supremacy as was evident the next morning.

TWO THAT WERE THERE!

OLYMPICS A HUGE SUCCESS

With the close of the glorious XXII Olympic Games, it is once again clearly demonstrated that Soviet determination, willpower, and trick photography can accomplish anything. Goodwill, hospitality, and boundaries were extended to countries all over the world.

IOC President, Lord Killanin, was reported to be generally pleased with the Games, although expressed moderate concern at the introduction of new events into the regular programme. Amongst those that raised interest and eyebrows were the Men's Electrified Barbed-Wire Fence Vaulting, Men's 100-, 200-, and 400-metre Minefield Sprint, and the Women's Rapid-Fire Afghan-Rebel Shoot.

More successful were the Olympic Village Security Forces

who had to shoot only twelve athletes attempting to escape. The Forces were careful to shoot competitors of every race, creed, colour, and sex (all three) in order to dispel rumours of favouritism toward Soviet athletes.

Despite the huge success of our Moscow Olympics, certain minor incidents may have tarnished the glory. It was most regrettable that Olga Korbut, gold medal gymnast, had to be indiscriminately subdued with AK-47 assault rifles after Korbut's sex tests revealed the presence of anabolic steroids. Furthermore, Government officials were hard pressed to explain how despite the boycott by American athletes, the United States still managed to win half the medals.

The USSR Sports Committee is currently engaged in studies to determine how THEY can

OLGA'S BOX

Dear Olga:

Am very worried about daughter Kristina. She is nice young girl who is very valuable around farm. Can fix tractor and spread manure, but local boys all ignore lytittle darlink. Am desperate. Please help.

Proud Mama

Dear Mama:

Report these local boy to KGB. They are not loyal supporters of sacred cause of Soviet domination and should be sent to Siberia for treason.

Dear Olga:

Husband Ivan is good party member and excellant worker in Lada factory, but prick of his only 2 inch lyong! Every tyime we have copulation for production of more loyal party members he is all time slipping out. What can we do?

Desparink Wife

Dear Wife:

Denounce this miscreant to KGB at once. He failink to do duty to party and probably Western imperialist spy trying to ruin sacred cause is.

Dear Box:

Contrary to popular belief, all Eng. Sci. do not suck. However, they all drool when they see differential equations!

An observant Eng. Sci. professor

Dear Olga:

What is meaning of large bumps on female workers? Is drivink me nuts!

Victor

Dear Victor:

Is for feeding baby workers and nothink else. Stop lookink at them or KGB will re-educate you.

Dear Olga:

Am askink advice. All I do is miss quota of gas tank caps prodyuction for Lada and KGB is after me. What can do to avoiding them?

On Lam

Dear Lam:

I drink toast to your early capture by glorious KGB you fascist, imperialist, running dog of /Western Ideal Your slackling in prodyuction is underminink cause of glorious mother Russia!

Dear Olga:

Was with boyfriend last nyight. He holded me/ close and attyempted putting lips to mine. Of course I knock him cold. But what is meaning of actions with lips?

Katrina Brezhnev

Dear Katrina:

Is action of sexist swine. Obviously be has heard of barbaric custom from polluyted minds of western tourists. Tell friendly KGB of his deviation. Maybe can be saved.

Dear Olga:

Are Western democracies as bad as Kremlin always tellink us? Have met many tourists from western nations and they telling me we livve under cruel oppression and tyranny and giving me chewing gum also. They really nice people, so why hatink we them so much?

Confused Comrad

Dear Confused:

Do not despair! Am givink your address to KGB. They soon be washink your brain and maybe lytittle bit lobotomy too. Soon you be once again in bliss of loyal party member!

Hey Box:

What the fuck is wth this UOW. Plummers Save World, (Toike, 8004.14)!! Who gives a shit what Waterloo plummers are doing when they're cumming with top U.S. government officials??! I wouldn't wipe my ass with this piece of crap! This is just more evidence of the capitalist, running-dog, militant schemes of the West. Please spare us from this sort of bullshit propaganda.

Love,

Vladimir N. Popa-Ulyanovich-Smith



Harlequin Romanovitch

Our story so far: Natasha, a strong and willing party member is with Victor in his apartment where she hopes that they will sow the seed of future loyal generations.

Natasha sighed and wriggled closer to Victor on the deep red carpet. "Comrade", she whispered, licking the gold star in his earlobe, "perhaps we aught to start thinking of our duty to the party..."

Yet for some reason Victor seemed completely oblivious to her presence. Taking another mug of Moskovskay he drained it, belched and commented, "Crop production in Novosibirsk is down again."

Natasha gasped. What was the matter with her? Was she not a good party member and a gold medal winner in the weight lifting competition at the Olympics? Had he already forgotten the grueling years of Siberian training, the steroids, and then the thrill of her success as she lifted 250 lbs in a straight smooth communist jerk? Natasha felt she had to know for sure.

Releasing the remaining three smaps of her starched (red) mohair tunic, Natasha pressed her hot quivering flesh beseechingly against Victor's burlap clad thigh. Running her fingers first over his crew cut head, then over that massive hairy barrel chest

and the paunch below it, and then down, down over that surprisingly flaccid bulge in the burlap, she panted, "Oh you beautiful blond party member, a man like you could make the entire women's tank squadron. Just take me, take me!"

Something she said seemed to startle Victor from his train of thought. "A senior party member was today discovered reading a filthy capitalist imperialist comic book."

She started again, desperately now trying to elicit some response from the drunken civil servant. Her breaths coming in heaves, she tore at his clothes, gasping, "Think of the party of tomorrow! Your duty! Your duty!"

Finally, Victor began to notice the presence of the half-naked, helpless female writhing orgasmically on the floor. Focussing his watering bloodshot eyes on her form he pulled himself back to a semi-conscious state, "Duty..." he muttered, "...duty...DUTY! Wait just one lousy fucking minute, you goddamn capitalist whore! This is RUSSIA for fuck's sake! There's NO sex here!"

THE END



THE PEOPLES' MASTHEAD

The Ed-

Iggy Hosebag-

Eek and Meek-

Invaded.

Kremeo'nneL-

F. Zappa

Darth Vader-

Mr. X-

Mr. Y-

Kid Paranold-

Ian Dury-

Anonymous Person-

Vince-

Ivan-

Johnny Rotten-

Karl Marx-

Lorraine Electrical-

BGen-

Pirate King-

Gremlin-

Vince-

Inspector-

Batman-

Leondl Brezhnev-

Roto-

Alcoholix (46)-

Asterix-

Jayne County-

Dave Marsden-

Ted Woloshyn-

Pete n' Geets (arm in arm)-

Ed 2-

R.K. Bart-

Prol. Graydon-

Pee Ess-

V Alr Marshall-

Jemimah Careh-

God Dammit-

Bullwinkle Moose-

Rockey Squirrel-

Dudley Do-Righ-

U of T Engineers triumph again!

The anonymous poet (they call me "Mr. Dynamite")

Two that were there.

Just a mixed up Dave Ind.

Where's Mike? It's his paper!

Requisit in Pace! (1979 was IT!)

Shit is beautiful. So am I.

It's hard to eat spaghetti through this mask.

I live in the second side of Vienna.

So it's pup-tent under the sheets again tonite eh, Vince?

Taken Flrosh.

Hit me with your rhythm stick!!

How come no one uses their real name?

...It's my turn.

The engine driver.

I am a feminist!

I am a feminist!

So what? The Polaks are on strike! I never said I was perfect.

Guaranteed NOT to eat crackers!!

In the navy!!!! (I've been hiffed!)

Fill, oh fill the pirate's beaker.

He's been drinking Thionyl Chloride again.

But I luv crackers! Luv to crumble them thru my hair. Growing with erotic pleasure! Ooooh!!!

Wait tilkl next time!!!

Ya know Robin, there's beer we haven't even drunk yet.

Da! I like dar Batman! It make me laugh! Ha! Ha!

See Forest Mozo's hyline for details!

I'm only a token Gaul.

Pass the mistletoe. Let's smoke it.

If you don't want to fuck me hahy, hahy fuck off!

I'm bent. He's twisted.

I'm twisted. He's bent.

Well, WE'RE straight!

So this is what second year is like!

A abandoned search for truth- looking for a good fantasy.

Anyone want a Newton? I got them real cheap!

Just passing through.

You should be flying!!

Uhh... well... um... geez, I dunno!

When I want a blow job, I'll ask for it!

Gee Rocky, watch me pull a rabbit out of my pants...oops, wrong pants!

Hey, Bullwinkle! I'll meet you in the third stall in the washroom in the Roharts Library, 12th floor.

Not without me! The mounties always get their queer.

Miz Lillian-

Scoop-

The Orb-

Sniffles-

X Edhardt-

John Cheese-

Michael Palin-

Cee Dee-

Boh-

Lasman-

Editurd-

Hugh Hefner-

Skinner-

I've got the biggest pair of hoobs in America!

That's not true! Nixon and Agnew were out of office long ago!

What! No more beer? I just got a good idea!

Take me out to the game ball.

Here in spirit only.

This parrot is dead!

No it's not, it's pining for the fjords!

I prefer dead budgies.

So do I!

Playtex needs your support.

Me has the Bantha breath of life.

Don't try to stop me! I'm coming out of the closet right now!

Pavlov... Pavlov... hummm... That rings a hell.

Drool-

Ira and Wayne-

Woman-

Churchill-

Pall McCartney-

Sam Morton-

Arnold Lane-

The Ghoul-

Czar Nicholas III-

Lazarus Long-

Einstein-

Leo DaVinci-

Ass, Editor-

Forest Mozo-

Slaver.

Lovers to the end. (P.S. Got a fag?)

Mister Churchill, you are very, very drunk!

And you, madam are very very ugly,

and in the morning I shall be soher.

I am the walrus... Goo Goo Goo Joob.

Not responsible.

Not insane.

Not even here.

I will return...

Better to copulate than never.

What the fuck have you done to my formula?

Crime does not pay!!!

Neither does the arts!!!

See Roto's hyline for details.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

We at the Toike view ourselves as a campus publication and for that reason we believe that we should be responsible to the entire student body.

We are presenting here our editorial policy:

OBJECTIVES

1) To fill a need for Engineering Undergraduates not met by other publications.

2) To provide an image of engineering students as light-hearted, involved, and intelligent.

3) To provide entertainment.

4) To provide information.

Objective 4 shall be met by:

i. Commenting on upcoming Engineering Society events.

ii. Reporting on recent Engineering Society events.

iii. Reporting on interfaculty and intramural sports.

iv. Reporting on matters of interest in the Engineering Society and Executive.

v. Reporting on interesting personalities and activities past and present in the Faculty.

vi. Presenting articles from other publications which would be of interest to the students.

vii. Reporting on campus information of interest to Engineering students.

5) To become financially independent.

Objective 5 shall be met by:

Maintaining a campus-wide distribution in order to attract advertisers.

6) Content should not be sexually or racially degrading.

STAPH

KING SHIT—

M. STEPHENSON

PRINCE SHIT—

D. THOMPSON

PRINCESS SHIT—

L. WIZNIAK

LACKEY SHIT—

C. L. WELP

PHOTOSHITS—

BILL MARK

JOHN van LIERDE

BUSINESS SHITS—

H. MADEIRA

M. RACZ

GREAT JAPANESE FORMER LEADERS:

#1 of a series, collect them all.

"War all week is hard work, but I still get to go to DJ's on Friday nights for some of their great Roast Beef Buffet. A truly pleasurable experience..."

DJ'S

No need to get fighting mad during mid-terms. Come on over to DJ's and let their \$2.69 meal deal conquer your taste buds.

DJ'S
700 UNIVERSITY AVE
ONTARIO HYDRO BLDG
TELEPHONE 595-0700

Rendezvous
Sept 29-Oct 4

Grotty Beats
Oct 6-11

Crawford
Oct 13-18

TBA

ENTRANCE
OFF COLLEGE
AT UNIVERSITY

DJ'S
HYDRO PLACE
700 University Ave
595-0700

Present this coupon with \$2.69 for a complete roast beef dinner including boulangerie potatoes, salad and DJ's homemade bread and butter. This coupon is valid after 5 pm for dinner Monday through Friday only until Dec. 31st, 1980. Licensed under LLBO

T

RANDOM TECHNOTES or Coffee, Tea, and K.G.B. By Arnold/Sam

The 3½" RCL (1) shell hurtled through the closed door, reducing it to splinters, shattered all 16 panes of glass as it flew through the pillar of my window, and buried itself in the wall of the Gerald Larkin Academic Building.

"Fuck," I said, thinking of the shit I would catch from Kettablia for this, since I would get full blame.

"Must be the Trin fags again," said my associate, Sam Morton. "They're probably upset about their fence."

"Yeah," I agreed, cracking open another Brador. "Those wimps never appreciate true art when they see it anyway."

So thusly we wrote off the incident as another occupational hazard peculiar to those who make partying a career.

This should have put us both on our guard, so we have to admit to a bit of sheer negligence when we failed to notice the incongruity of the baby-buggy double-parked at the corner of St. George and Russell. For lack of anything better to do as we were walking south, we watched the "cute" female artsie as she leaned over the carriage.

"Kootchie-coo?" she said, bending forward and reaching for the covers. "Beautiful baby...Kootchie—"

The explosion that followed threw me into an opportunely-placed nearby shrub. Sam managed to keep his balance, but had to stumble back a few paces. What happened to the girl really doesn't warrant description.

"Goddam," he said as I untangled myself from the undergrowth. "A

booby-trapped baby-buggy!"

"I think that was meant for us," I suggested. "Someone is very pissed off with us."

"Right," said Sam. "We tread carefully from here on in." And we did. We were right on edge. A rubby who came up behind us looking for loose change found himself with a six-inch deep triangular hole in his abdomen.

"Oops. Sorry about that, fellas." Sam apologized, wiping the blade on his sleeve. "Can't be too careful sometimes."

On the trek from there back to headquarters we left quite a noticeable trail of maimed and seriously wounded bodies. Once we got the evening's party started, we relaxed a bit. This was a serious mistake.

"Hey, Arnold! Got an opener for this fucking Bray-Door?" Sam shouted over the ultra-sonic screeching of 'Dreams of Leaving'.

"Let me handle that," offered an Eng Sci Flrosh, trying desperately to get in synch with the party. Sam went to the stereo to increase the volume, while I began ranting at the inhabitant of 105 for trying to drown us out with his Van Halen tunes.

The detonating beer bottle made a short, sharp noise, like a 2½ lb piece of hardwood striking a really solid door. We both turned to find the ill-fated N slumped against the wall, with several ounces of dark brown glass buried in his skull.

"All right," I said. "This has gone far enough. Someone tried to do us in with one of my own beers. Sam, I think this rates a call to The Man." Sam frowned for an instant.

"Are you sure? He said to us: "Only in desperate emergencies, right?"

"Isn't this desperate enough?"

"So far it's only been an artsie and an Eng Sci Flrosh blown away. That's usually more cause for celebration than alarm."

"True. But WE may be next." Sam pondered for a moment. "Call him. What's today's code?" I unlocked the cabinet and withdrew the small black, lead-jacketed book. "Here."

We locked the room and proceeded up the stairs to the pay-phone. While I attached the scrambler to the mouth-piece, Sam decoded the number for that day. I dialed it and waited.

"I'm sorry, the number you have dialed is in service. Please do not hang up or dial again." I started to hang up the phone, but caught myself quickly. "Good evening, Mr. Lane," the deep voice began. "You've probably been wondering about the series of attempt made recently on your life, and that of your associate, Mr. Morton.

"Be assured that this is no mere series of unfortunate coincidences. It is the work of no less powerful an agency than the KGB, the Russian Secret Police. News has reached the Kremlin that you two hold the formula for the most powerful and dangerous party substance known. Realizing that a secret weapon such as this could disrupt the world balance of Party-Power, they intend to kill both of you to destroy this tremendous free-world party-advantage.

"Your mission, and you have no choice to accept it, is to not get kill."

"Yeah, yeah, I accept it," I interrupted.

"Shut up until I'm finished," the recording said. "The loss of the formula for your powerful waste-product could be a crippling blow to North American party superiority. If you are killed or captured, I, and everyone else, will disavow any knowledge of your mission or even your very existence."

"This phone will self-destruct in five seconds. Good Luck."

"Oh shit," I yelled. "This will cost us!**

"Get out, Arnold," Sam yelled.

"We'll put it on the expense account!"

What the Physical Plant charged us for that one is an unpleasant experience I'd rather not relate.

We stepped out into the quad, as the idea that we were entirely on our own sank through our ethanol-fogged minds.

"Arnold! That parade of feminists going up the road; they all look like MEN!" Sam whispered loudly to me.

"So what?" I mumbled, stumbling face forward onto the picnic table.

"But what nationality of men?" he asked.

I looked up. He was right.

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We ran back to the storeroom and unlimbered our (2) lid-weapons. We emptied three pounds of (3) Kovar into those commie-drag-queens before we ran out of ammo. "Fuck, those Ruskies are tough," shouted Sam over the wail of automatic weapon-fire. "It's time to use Plan B!"

I nodded as he twisted the emblem on his signet-ring. On the roof, the four sets of shingles emerged and the computer-guided laser rifles locked into firing position. Within a microsecond, the lasers had vaporized every R Communist agent, and still left the grass unsinged.

"Got to hand it to Oliver," I said, getting off the pavement. "He sure knows how to program those things the right way."

"Now. We have to talk to these people. Someone could get hurt!"

"Yeah. One of us," Sam agreed.

We took out an ad in the Varsity (a communist rag if ever we saw one), offering a truce and a meeting with the reds. In Peace. Unarmed, of course.

When we arrived at Harv's, we were two walking arsenals. You don't survive long in our business by being stupid.

There were three of them: Sitting in the third booth from the front on the left, each trying gamely to consume a cheeseburger with everything, heavy-set, mean-looking, and ready-to-party.

We quickly oozed into the vacant seats with a faintly audible 'schlip'.

"You want the formula, right?" said Sam. He wasn't one to fuck around with words.

The Spies didn't say anything, but remained immobile, ready to take another bite from the vomitous burgers, by now dripping some nondescript green fluid.

"All right," I cut in. "If you want the formula, you've got to earn it. We're ready to share our party-knowledge, but not with bartending, half-miler wimps. We challenge you to a three-on-three mega party, winner-take-all."

"Da," said the heaviest-set, meanest-looking, and most-ready-to-party of the gang. Obviously the leader.

Sam contacted the Ghoul, our associate and security expert; he arrived within the hour. The partying had begun.

The Russians put up a very good show at first. They downed their ales as fast as we could open them. (They were all top-drawer engineers, the best men to be found for the job, of course.) But by pacing ourselves we were sure not to burn out too soon. By the time (6) "Earthbound" came on, we were just hitting our stride, and they began to wonder what was going on. Half-way through (7) "God Save the Queen", the Ghoul kicked the one nearest to him in the head. "These people are asleep," he announced.

"Then we win," I said.

"What kind of wimpy is the Kremlin trying to train these days?" the Ghoul asked.

Thinking quickly, I checked the clock. "9:15. Good," I said, dialing



call for 'Labatt's Blue'

the Fac. Office. In a few minutes, the three barted spies were enrolled in First year Eng. Sci. Hanging up the phone, I said "That'll keep the bastards busy for at least four years."

After that, we decided that would be the end of that fiasco. Three days later, walking up Hoskin, we discovered that we had fucked up again. (4) IL-28 Beagles strafing asphalt make a very convincing argument. Especially when that asphalt is about three inches distant. (7.62 cm, metric)

When they began to come back on their second run, we decided that drastic (and, implicit in that description, irresponsible) actions were called for. The radio-controlled servo-motors on top of the Robarts began to raise the aluminum globe above the campus. The fabric of Space itself twisted, and the Russian aircraft ceased to exist as solid matter. The resulting shock waves deflected the Soviet (5) Kangaroo Stand-off missile away from our HQ and into Massey College.

"Let's Get the Hell Out Of Here," Sam suggested.

We were in the front train in the subway. We figured that even Etobicoke would be safer than our usual haunts. The driver stepped out of his cab and asked the passengers "Is there anyone here named Sam?"

By now, Sam was getting really fascinated with the tunnel lights. "I'll take that," I said.

I grabbed the Mike. "Techno-Party associates, Alex speaking."

"We've had enough. We're willing to pay for your formula. We know you're honest partiers. Name your price."

"Eight hundred one cases of Brador," I replied without hesitation. "Inside The Haultain building, room 108A."

There was a click, and we were cut off. Three days later, the message we planted in the Haultain building had been picked up, and we carted away the reward. Later that day, as we walked up past Varsity stadium, the pay phone rang. "Must be for you," I said.

Sam picked up the receiver. "It's The Man," he said, holding his hand over the mouthpiece. "He's pretty upset."

"How upset?" I asked.

"He's so upset that he'd be glad to see us spend thirty days on the (8) Switchboard."

"Oh," I said, feeling really worried. Most people didn't survive when the Man got that upset.

"No, no, not at all," Sam was saying. "We didn't tell them that the bit about putting the substance in the target of a (9) LINAC was just a joke...Right, anything that eats that stuff won't be human for very long."

Russian Parties have never been the same since.

Footnotes

1. RCL - Recoilless launcher
2. Lids - small razor sharp squares of KOVAR. Usually stolen from small electronics manufacturing concerns
3. Kovar - an alloy - 42% Ni, 17% Co, 31% Fe
4. IL-28 - Beagle-Russian Medium Attack Bomber
5. Kangaroo - Russian Cruise Missile
6. Earthbound - 4th King Crimson album
7. God Save the Queen - 2nd Robert Fripp album
9. LINAC - Linear Accelerator
8. Switchboard - a mechanical form of torture. The subject sits at a switchboard and makes connections as per lights that flash on and off. After a while, the lights are sped up. For every mistake the electric drills which are clamped to the subject's teeth are turned on for thirty seconds

UoT COMMUNISTS TO HELP LADA

Canadian Lada sales have recently been dealt a severe blow when it was discovered by the Canadian Service Technicians that the service manuals they were sent from Russia were actually a complex recipe for pizza.

This is of course quite understandable since the Lada is really the Fiat 124, which the Soviets bought from the Italians in exchange for a guarantee that the Italian team would win at least three gold medals at the 1980 Olympics. The mix-up occurred when the manual was translated from Italian to Russian, then to English, instead of a direct translation which would have bypassed the problem.

In a strong show of support for their adopted motherland, however, the U of T Communist Club (UoTCC) volunteered to work on the cars and came up with a new manual. After completely disassembling 16 cars they came to the conclusion that "Gee, it's harder to put them back together again than it was to take them apart!"

So far, a toaster, three vacuum cleaners, and an air conditioner have been reconstructed from the parts, but unfortunately, none of them work. Determined not to let mother Russia down, the UoTCC has published a booklet entitled '16 Original Ways To Fit Your Lada Into Your Closet'.

C.C.C.P. Remembers...

15 Years Ago Today

Prof. Ivan Getinitov and a small group of collaborators at the University of Leningrad modernized the lives of millions of loyal Soviet comrades with the discovery of sexual intercourse (commonly referred to as the Molotov cocktail) five years ahead of their capitalist inferiors. This revolutionized the method of producing future loyal marxists. It replaced the outdated methods of manual removal and injection of "Lenin's golden gysm of life", a method handed down from our primeval Soviet forefathers and mechanically perfected by Soviet engineers at the turn of the century, virtually eliminating all physical risks.

Prof. Getinitov, a doctorate of the philosophy of human geometric forms, was performing an oral examination of a nursing assistant's sexual opening, when he hypothesized that the steaming fiord which was impaled on his tongue was approximately equal yet opposite in magnitude to his own sex organ, which was now burning with fiery loyalty to the sickle and hammer of the state.

The Professor, loyal to the state as he was, immediately realized that he was on the brink of a discovery which could possibly allow the Soviet common men to make greater contributions to the state, immediately whisked his nursing staff off to his private laboratory in the Caucasus for three patriotic months of intense investigation and heated experimentation upon which he was to base his initial hypothesis.

Upon reappearing, Prof. Getinitov, obviously worn from many days with long hours of labour

(and with a notable limp) submitted his findings to the Kremlin for approval. The Kremlin, after a brief experimental period of which unfortunately no records were kept, announced the revelations to the common patriotic citizen of the state in a manual entitled "The Complete Marxist Guide to Population Growth (Révised Edition)". This 369 page manual (complete with explicit directional illustrations of 'Luscious Lena and Voracious Vladimir') was unfortunately leaked to the capitalist world by a traitor to the state, five years after its publication.

The capitalist world, with its usual ignorance and primitive impotence surprisingly failed to pay homage to the superior Soviet technology and doctrines which produced this earth-shattering revelation. This is yet another example of Marxism's superiority.



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ORIENTATION





U.S. THREATENS DETENTE

The re-instatement of registration for the draft in the United States has brought much outcry from the Kremlin. State officials have denounced this as "an inexcusable action, seriously jeopardizing the current imbalance of power,

and threatening the massive Soviet arms build-up during a period of supposed detente." In a public statement released Tuesday, Commissar of Defence, Haroldai Brownskov, sharply criticised the United States, saying that compulsory military

service is a violation of basic human rights, and that this is further evidence of the U.S. government's insistence on imposing the will of the state upon the individual.

The Commissar went on to say that in face of such

American militarism, this clearly necessitated strengthening the Soviet presence in Afghanistan, Poland, and "probably Yugoslavia, Hungary, Romania, Bulgaria, Pakistan, Iran, Iraq, Finland, Quebec, and parts of Northwest Saskatchewan." Senior members of the politburo remarked that these plans would probably not influence the outcome of current SALT II negotiations.

Another Watergate Uncovered!

Washington (CCCP) - The Soviet New Agency Tass today uncovered the startling revelation that U.S. presidential candidates have been using steroids to create appearances of artificial youth without divulging this fact to the foolhardy money-grubbing American public.

The Prime Example of this mysterious scientific and statistical enigma is the famous child-actor Ronald Reagan, who is shown in the two photographs below, one from his classic epic motion picture "Bedtime for Bonzo", and the second, on his recent campaign tour. Our investigations have

also revealed that the final film in the immortal Bonzo series was entitled "Bonzo for President". Will it come true? Only Khomeini knows for sure.

Rumours also abound that Reagan falsified birth records to avoid service in the U.S. Army, in WW I, WW II, Korea, and Vietnam. His records state clearly he is now 126 years old. It is also interesting to note the only human beings older than Reagan are our own citizens of Soviet Georgia, many now who are in their 160's. The Soviets owe their good health to Dannon Yogurt, and healthy communist living.

SCIENCE FLASHES

Announced today was the discovery of a gigantic hole just outside of Warsaw. Polish scientists are looking into it.

Researchers in this field have reported this amazing conclusion after an experiment which involved force-feeding the entire 1979-80 grain export crop of the USSR to rats which shortly thereafter developed a high incidence of cancer. Both rats died within days of the experiment.

The cyclotron at the University of Moscow has provided another first in atomic physics with the tentative isolation of the 'Engineering Meson'. The E-Meson moves about, laying Nurse Mesons and absorbing molecules of C₂H₅OH (beer).

PEOPLES' travel section

Win a trip to Afghanistan! Poland!

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Special travel packages include the leisurely Cuban Jaunt and the Angolan Safari and Big Game Hunt! Travel now to anywhere the Russian Air Force flies. Women and children travel half fare as freight. To enter this contest, do nothing! Lucky winners will be informed personally by burly party members in the wee early hours of the morning.

Just say ov.



Oh Ya!



PEOPLE'S Horoscope

Virgo: You are the logical type and hate disorder. This leads to extreme nitpicking, which is advantageous to the party. You are cold and unemotional. Virgos make good bureaucrats.

Libra: If you live near a biological warfare test centre, ignore the rumours and stay there.

Scorpio: You are shrewd and clever and may come to a bad end. Therefore, do not attempt any innovations that will change the system.

Sagittarius: Cossacks born under this sign tend to have quick tempers and quick swords. Avoid at all costs.

Capricorn: You are devious, immoral and ruthless. A career in the party is clearly indicated.

Aquarius: Aquarians love to swim. Therefore, you are cut out for a career in the Navy or the Olympic Swim team (hormones will be provided).

Pisces: You are the artistic type and therefore a threat to the system. I will not be surprised if you are plying your trade at the Gulag.

Aries: If you are Polish and are striking, Russian tanks may play a large part in your future. Beware of capitalist bourgeoisie labour leaders.

Taurus: Dissidents born under this sign are advised to turn themselves in for the mental treatment you require. We know who you are.

Gemini: If you are a male between the ages of 12 and 92, travels to our neighbouring countries are in your future.

Cancer: Athletes! Good news! The West isn't coming. Those who bring gold to our glory will get more Coke; those who do not will go on an enforced diet of Wheaties.

Leo: You have a vivid imagination of being followed by the KGB and NKVD, and you are.

The Sex Life Of An Electron

One Night when his charge was at full capacity, Micro-Farad decided to get a cute little coil to discharge him. He picked up Millie and took her for a ride on his megacycle.

They rode across Wheatstone Bridge, around the Sine Curve, into a magnetic field, next to a flowing current.

Micro-Farad, attracted by Millie Amp's characteristic curves, soon had her field fully excited. He laid her on the ground potential, raised her frequency, lowered her capacitance, and pulled out his high voltage probe. He inserted it in parallel and began to short circuit her shunt. Fully excited, Millie Amp said, "OHM give me MHO."

With his tube at maximum output and her shunt vibrating from current flow, her shunt soon reached maximum heat. The excess heat had gotten her shunt pretty hot and Micro-Farad's capacitance was rapidly discharged and drawn off.

They fluxed all night, tried various connections until his bar magnet had lost its field strength. Afterward, Millie Amp tried self-induction and damaged her solenoid. With his battery fully discharged, Micro-Farad was unable to excite his transformer. So they ended up reversing polarity and blowing each others' fuses.

WINNIPEG TO HAVE WORLD'S LARGEST ARTIFICIAL MOON

City officials in Winnipeg, Canada, told Tass reporters last week that they wish to construct a moon in that city and keep it there as a permanent tourist attraction.

"Actually, the reason for having a man-made moon in Winnipeg is quite simple," a spokesman for the Winnipeg City Council was quoted as saying. "After the rock group The Guess Who, whose music has always been banned in the U.S.S.R., burned out in the mid-seventies, our city had nothing spectacular to attract tourists. People just stayed away, even in the summer when no one was forced to wear parkas or boots."

City officials reasoned that if Toronto had the C.N. Tower, Montreal the Olympics, Edmonton the world's largest waterfall built

over a bridge, and Vancouver the largest heroin junkie population in the world, then Winnipeg should have a tourist attraction all its own to get gullible Yankees and the less intelligent variety of Canadian (the ones not served by a domestic oil pipeline) up here to spend lots of money and make all of the people in Winnipeg rich. Well, those with power, anyways.

Plans call for a full-scale replica of the moon to be erected in the middle of the city's largest park.

"Unfortunately," the spokesman stated, "we ran into a few minor problems during the initial planning stage. After the blueprints were drawn up we realised the damn thing wouldn't fit in the park. But the mayor solved the problem for us: he

simply expanded the park to include an area of two million kilometres square." He added as a joke, "If Toronto doesn't like it; if they don't want to be part of our municipal park system, tough shit."

The moon will be made up of lots of material, according to the spokesman. Admission to the site upon completion and opening will be about \$16,750.47 in Canadian funds, which "is a real bargain, considering what NASA charges to put a man or two on the real thing."

Construction should begin by spring 1981. Reports that a 2x scale model of Saturn will be constructed in Minsk have been received by Tass. The only problem "as of yet unresolved" is where they plan to put the rings.

Rules for T.T.C. Commuting

- If you arrive at the bus stop before the scheduled departure time, the bus will be late.
- If you arrive at the bus stop at the scheduled departure time, the bus would have been 30 seconds early, and you will miss the bus. For the next bus, see the first rule.
- If you arrive after the scheduled departure time, the bus would have of course been on time, and you would have missed the bus. For the next bus, refer to the first rule.
- If a transfer of any kind has to be made, the bus to be transferred to will leave before the bus you are on arrives at the transfer point.
- If rule 4 is broken, the driver will dispute the validity of your transfer.
- If you are presently on the bus or streetcar or any other vehicle, the vehicle will stop on a green light to discharge and pick up passengers. Only after the last passenger has left or got on will the light turn red. This adds to the total travel time.
- If it seems as if rule 5 is about to be broken, a passenger with an I.Q. of 15 will ask the driver stupid questions and force the driver to repeat his answer thirty-seven times, thereby making rule 5 apply.
- There are always more vehicles going the opposite direction to the one you are travelling than in the direction in which you are travelling.
- You never get a seat.
- If rule 7 is broken, the two people sitting next to you, and any people standing near you will never have heard of the word, "deodorant."
- The more you are in haste, the longer it will take to T.T.C.

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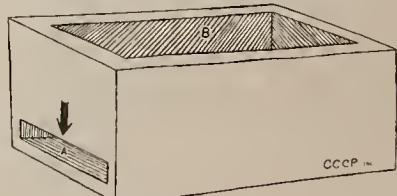
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him was in reality one of Bob's carefully selected operatives from NURS (the National Union of Rattling Stoolies). No sooner had Mike gone to his next class than our informant burst into the room and blurted out the sordid details.

As we found out, Mike

LeGresley has gone so far as to give up beer!

When faced with this, a slur upon his family and upon the Engineers in general the president stated, "Ya, I know, he's a real asshole. I'm going home tonite and beat the living shit out of him."

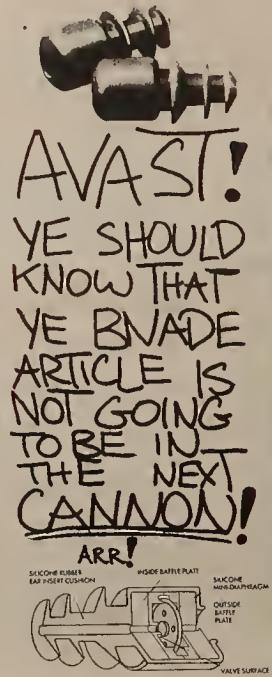


THE PROLETARIAT PROSPERS

Soviet news agency Tass reported today that salt rations have been increased to 30 grams per month per person. This increase has been attributed in part to improved productivity, but mainly to a significant increase in the labour force. The earlier release of a report revealing the successful crackdown on social dissidents has only coincidental implications.

Forgotten, however, in the celebrating of the good news was last years announcement that salt rations had been increased to 40 grams per month per person.

It was announced today that the oldest man in the world was found living in Russia. The man, known only as Igor, was found in a small village near Pinsk, claiming to be 175 years old. When asked how he managed to live so long, he replied, "No sex, good food, and no work." When it was discovered that he had not worked a day in his life, he was immediately sent to Siberia where he froze to death.



The second Toike makeup: Oct. 3rd 5:00 to ∞

Cum on out.

We'll supply the beer and the dinner, all you have to do is to come up with something. That something can be a story, or just an idea which another writer could use.

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CUMMING IN THE NEXT ISSUE



Sing Along with the 3rd Electrical Asshole Quartet

I Am Woman

I am woman hear me roar,
As I lay here on the floor
Watch the men come pouncing on
me one by one
Not a penny for our thoughts,
They just came here for our twets,
And we'll give it to them 'cause it's
so much fun.

Chorus: Oh yes, he was wide
Vaseline did ease the pain
Yes he paid the price
Look how rich that I became,
If I had to I could lay anything
I am strong, I am an imbecile, I am
woman

I am woman watch my twat, and I
know it can be bought
As I spread my legs spread-eagle to
the sky
But it's now an embryo
With only eight more months to go,
Unless I make the father pay the
price.

Chorus:

I've Got No Hardon

Sung to the tune of "I Never Promised You a Rose Garden"

I've got no hardon, I never promised
it would go on
Along with the fun times, you could
have given me your bum sometimes.
You were warm, you were sweet.
But you never spread your cheeks oh
no oh oh oh!
I've got no hardon, I never promised
it would go on.

I could promise you things like big
dildos things
But you won't find pricks a-growin'
on parliamentary clover,
So you better bend over
If it's my rocks you want I would
make it come true
I could shoot my load for you on a
silver platter.
But what would it matter?

So smile for awhile, let's get our
jollies.
Sex shouldn't be so melancholy
Come along and share my hardon,
while you can.
But I've got no hardon, I never
promised it would go on.

The following is the libretto of the
musical comedy "Pierre and
Margaret meet the Rolling Stones"
or "A Musical Excuse for the 3EAO
to Sing". Complete words and music
to the work, as well as permission to
perform the play may or may not be
obtained by recognized theatre
groups by sending two box tops and a
nice letter to the Third Electrical
Asshole Quartet, Manitoba division,
in care of this publication.

NYD

I'm So Big

Sung to the tune of You're so Vain

Chorus: I'm so big,
I know they wrote this song about
me,
I'm so big,
I know they wrote this song about
me, 'bout me, 'bout me.

Well I walked into her parlor just a-
waiting to buy her crotch,
My hand strategically placed inside
her pants.
My cock it was really hot,
I had one eye on her pussy, and the other
round the back,
And all the girls dreamed that they'd
be my partner,
They'd be my partner, and...

Chorus:
I'd had it many years ago, when I
was still quite naive,
They said that I made it with little
boys and that I was such a tease,
Well they gave me all the things I
loved, and most of them were free,
I sat around and just came in my
coffee,
Came in my coffee, and....

Chorus:

The west coast has got the tight
ones, you know their asses should
be banned,
I did those jail-bait kids with their ice
cream cones
'Cause it sure as hell beats my hand,
I've come in places most of us would
never even try
But, oh those whores, those
California whores, they really make
me fly.

Chorus:

Don't you think it's kind of kinky,
I should be in this position,
On the floor, against the door,
Soixante-neuf, sixty nine, it's really
quite divine
I wish I could have more, he makes
me sore,
He makes me sore, he makes me
sore.

I Started a Dose

Sung to the tune of "I Started a Joke"

I started the dose, which started the
whole world dripping
Oh, if you'd only seen, that the dose
came from me.

Then I started to cry which started
the doctors laughing
Oh, if you'd only seen what the dose
did to me.

I looked at his fly, running my han-
over his gland
It fell onto the bed, 'twas heavy a
lead
I thought it was dead.

'Til I finally died which started the
whole world laughing,
Oh if you'd only seen what the dos-
e did to me.

Ah no.

California Whores

Sung to the tune of "California Girls"

Well east coast girls got hips you
know they really try to please.
And those southern girls, well it's
the way they taste
You know they must use IUD's,
The Midwest farmers' daughters
really milk those salesmen dry,
But those northern girls, they don't
go at all,
It's enough to make you cry!

Chorus: I wish they all could be
California whores,
I wish they all could be California
whores.

I don't know how to love his,
Why it is that I want to,
He's a man, but what a man
And I've seen so many men before,
I wish I could have more, he makes
me sore.

Should I spread it wide, let him
come inside,
Pump it in and out, let it squirt and
spout,
I never thought it would come like
this, What's it all about?

Don't you think it's kind of kinky,
I should be in this position,
On the floor, against the door,
Soixante-neuf, sixty nine, it's really
quite divine
I wish I could have more, he makes
me sore,
He makes me sore, he makes me
sore.

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PEOPLE'S JOKE PAGE

At the Olympics held in Montreal, the final heavyweight wrestling match was to be held between a Canadian and Russian. Before the fight, the Canadian coach was talking to the Canadian fighter.

"Be very careful with this guy," said the coach, "if he gets you in his famous pretzel hold, you're done for!"

"Yeah, sure coach," answered the fighter. Well, the fight started and the two evenly matched men grunted and groaned as neither could pin his opponent. In the second round, the Russian was leading in points, but the Canadian fought valiantly. "Don't let him get you in the pretzel hold," thought the Canadian. As the fight wore on, both men were getting tired, and as the referee separated their holds, after reaching the ropes, the Canadian turned his back for a second. Wham! The Russian had him in the terrible pretzel hold! The whole arena sighed, thinking the Canadian was finished, but suddenly there was a blur of motion, and the Canadian scrambled up on top and pinned the Russian.

After the fight, the Canadian coach was talking to the fighter, saying, "Wow, champ, how did you do it?"

"Well," said the champ, "he got me in the pretzel hold, and I thought that I had 'bit the biscuit' but I looked up, and there, dangling right over my face was the front of a pair of trunks. So I reached up and bit, as hard as I could. And coach, you don't know how powerful you really are until you've bit yourself in the nuts!"

Walter arrived at his office late one morning and was greeted with giggles from the pretty receptionist.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Walter.

"There's a big black smudge on your face," said the girl.

"Oh, that!" said Walter. "That's easy to explain. I saw my wife off on a month's vacation this morning; I took her to the station and kissed her goodbye."

"But what about the smudge?"

"As soon as she got on board, I ran up and kissed the engine."



A pink elephant, a green kangaroo and two yellow snakes strolled up to the bar.

"You're here a little early, boys," said the bartender, "he ain't here yet."



We're going to have a wonderful time tonight, dearest," said the young man to his date as he greeted her in the living room of her parents' home. "I have three tickets to the theatre."

"But why do we need three tickets?" asked the truly voluptuous young lady.

"Simple," said he. "They're for your mother, father and brother."



A Russian Hotel: Colour T.V. in every room, only IT watches you.



War had finally sprung up between the Americans and Iranians. An Iranian tank and infantry division were crossing the desert when they were suddenly confronted by a single American soldier.

"Hey you Iranian blowhards! Come and get me if you can!" the American shouted. The Iranian commander ordered an infantryman to kill the soldier. The American suddenly ran behind a large sand dune followed closely by the Iranian

soldier. Minutes later, the American again emerged taunting the Iranians. The Iranian commander was enraged and ordered a whole infantry to kill the American. Again, the American ran behind the sand dune followed by the infantrymen.

Five minutes later, the American again emerged laughing at the Iranians' attempts. Again, the commander got very angry and ordered a tank to kill the American. Once more, the American ran behind the sand dune followed by the tank. Ten minutes later, the American emerged unscathed again laughing at the Iranians and the size of their noses. The commander had enough and ordered the entire division forward to kill the American as he ran behind the sand dune. As the Iranians approached, an Iranian infantry man crawled out from behind the dune and shouted, "Go Back! Go back it's a trap—there's a second American soldier back here!"



A North American Indian walked into a tavern. He wore drab clothing, balanced an old dead cat thrown over his left shoulder, carried a

putrid bucket full of manure and had a .45 calibre pistol shoved into his belt. The bartender merely stared as the Indian walked up to the bar and ordered a Martini. The bartender put it in front of him, whereon the Indian gulped it down, whipped out the gun and shot it into his bucket, and took a bite out of the dead cat, saying, "Me want-um be like White man."

"What the...?" tbough the bartender, while serving him a second Martini. The Indian repeated his sequence, drowning the drink, firing the pistol into his pail, biting the dead cat, again saying, "Me want-um be like White man."

As the bartender gave him his third drink, he asked the Indian what he was doing in order to be like the 'White man', "Me want-um be like White man," was the reply, "go out, have few drinks, shoot shit and eat pussy."



Alumnus artsman: All this talk about pre-marital sex! I never had sex with my wife before we were married. What about you?

Alumnus engineer: I have no idea. What was her name?

No child should starve for attention.

But last year, 10,000,000 children did. So this Hallowe'en we'll be asking for attention. And plenty of it.

Because that's when UNICEF Trick or Treaters will knock at your door and ask you to help fight world hunger.

Please give generously. The more attention you pay, the less hungry they'll be.



Fight World Hunger From your Doorstep Give to UNICEF This Hallowe'en

"Hunger shouldn't be kid stuff"—The Irish Rovers



Being hungry isn't easy for anyone but for millions of kids, being hungry is the only life they know. This Hallowe'en, UNICEF "trick or treaters" will come to your door asking you to help. Please be generous.



Fight World Hunger From Your Doorstep Give to UNICEF This Hallowe'en